

ALL NEW

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



NO. 40 00748
SEP 75/CDC

The FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera Production



00748

The
FLINTSTONES
and PEBBLES

Hanna-Barbera
Productions

Peace it's
Wonderful

NOW, THERE'S A
SIGN THAT MEANS
SOMETHIN', SHORTY!

IT MIGHT MEAN SOMETHIN'
IF YUH KNEW HOW
TO SPELL,
FRED!

PEECY

D-6537

WHY? WHA'D
I SPELL WRONG?

IT'S SUPPOSED
TA BE
M-O-R-E,
FRED! ANY-
BODY KNOWS
THAT!

NO
MOY
WOR

YEAH, THAT LOOKS
BETTER, BARNEY!
THANKS. NOW, LET'S
GO. WE GOTTA
PICKET THEM
GENERALS IN
THE ROCKAGON!

NO
MOY'S
WOR

PEECY

WE'LL GO IN
YOUR CAR,
BETTY! THIS
I'VE GOT TO
SEE!

FLINTSTONES

THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 6, No. 40, September, 1975.

published every six weeks by Charlton Publications, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 25¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.75 annually. Printed in U.S.A. George Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dile, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-688-0050). © 1975 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

THEM GENERALS IN THE ROCKAGON ARE GONNA GET BEDROCK IN ANOTHER WAR, BARNEY! WE GOTTA STOP 'EM!

RIGHT ON, FRED! US PEACE-LOVIN' CITIZENS WILL KEEP 'EM IN LINE!









The
FLINTSTONES
and PEBBLES

Hanna-Barbera
Production

Mr. FIX-IT

FFFFSKTTT!

WHY CALL IN AN EXPENSIVE
REPAIR MAN WHEN I CAN DO THE
JOB JUST AS... YEEOOWNCH!

I'LL CALL THE TELEVISION
DEALER! WE'LL NEED A
SET FOR SURE NOW!



I REALLY GET A
KICK OUTA WATCHIN'
THE BOSS WORK!
HE'S A GAS!

JUST WATCH,
WILMA! THE T.V.
IS GONNA BE AS
GOOD AS NEW!



YAAAGGGHH!!!

THAT'S
BEAUTIFUL,
FRED! HOW
DO YOU TURN
YOURSELF
OFF?

THE BOSS
IS A
BRIGHT
GUY!



FRED! YOU
REALLY DID
FIX IT!

...AND SINCE THERE'S
A SHORTAGE OF APPLIANCE
REPAIR MEN IN BEDROCK,
T.V. SETS, RE-
FRIGERATORS
AND OTHER
APPLIANCES
CAN'T BE FIXED!

MAYBE HE IS A
BRIGHT GUY!

FRED, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOU'RE
ALWAYS BRAGGING ABOUT HOW
HANDY YOU ARE! WHY DON'T YOU
OPEN AN APPLIANCE REPAIR
SHOP?

WHY NOT? FIX
IT FLINTSTONE
THEY USE TA
CALL ME!

WHAT IN THE
WORLD IS FRED
DOING, WILMA?

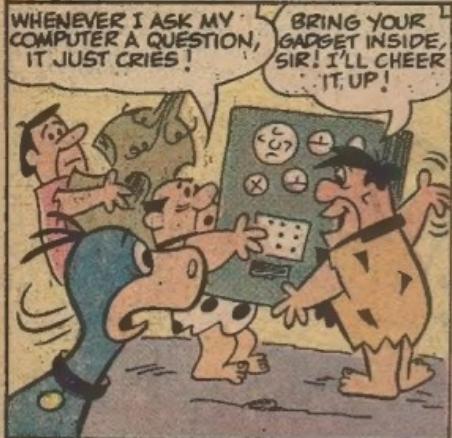
HE MUST BE WORKING ON
A BIG JOB ALREADY,
BETTY! HE'S BEEN
AT IT ALL DAY!

I BUILT AND
PAINTED MY
OWN SIGN!

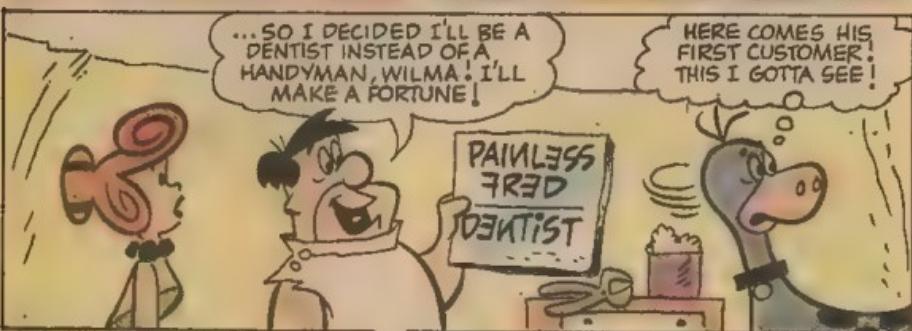
THAT SIGN
WILL SAVE
FRED A
LOT OF
WORK!

FIX-IT
FLINTSTONE
WE FIX
EVERYTHING

NOBODY WOULD BE
DUMB ENOUGH TO
BRING ANYTHING
TO FATSO TO BE
FIXED, RIGHT?







OH-OH SNOW!

DRAWN
MICHAEL J.
POLLOWESKI

ART
MICHAEL J.
ZECK



"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Waldo, the Walrus. Waldo pressed his blubbery nose against a window. "Hey, Max, it's snowing outside!" explained Waldo.

Waldo lived in a hollow log house with his friend and partner Max, the Magic Rabbit. Max was a magician. Sometimes he had real, magic powers. He had wished upon a star. He wished for real, magic powers. He got his wish. Sometimes he could perform real magic. Sometimes he couldn't.

"Oh, no! I hate snow! It's cold and it's messy. When you walk in it, you leave tracks behind you," said Max. The magic rabbit looked out of the window. A blizzard was howling outside and covering everything with snow.

"Snow is nice," said Waldo. "I like it. When I lived

at the North Pole, we used to go sleigh riding every day. I even learned how to ski. I was a very good skier. I could teach you how to ski. It would be fun," said the jolly Walrus.

"Skiing might be fun," admitted Max. "Yet, it won't be funny if we get snowed in." Waldo shook his head. He didn't understand some of the things Max had said.

"What is wrong with leaving tracks in the snow or being snowed in?" he asked.

Max explained. "It's easy for a fox or a weasel to follow tracks. You know what happens when a fox or a weasel catches you. They eat you!" answered Max. Waldo gulped. He nodded. "If we're snowed in, we can't get food," added Max. Now, Waldo was really

afraid. The thought of a hungry weasel or fox scared him. The thought of missing a meal absolutely terrified him.

"Now I understand!" he muttered. His hot breath fogged up the window.

The following day, it was still snowing. The snow outside the hollow log house was very deep. Max was very depressed as he watched drifts piling up. Waldo tried to cheer Max up. "Let's go over to the big hill and try skiing," he said.

"Why not?" agreed Max. Waldo got out his old skis. The two friends bundled up. They put on caps, mittens and mufflers. They carried the skis outside into the snow. They climbed up the hill. Waldo showed Max

stop snowing. Soon, they would be snowed in. They would starve without feed. Max bought plenty of groceries in Animalville. He bought canned fish and vegetables. His arms were filled with bundles of food as he started home. It was still snowing. Max left a trail of footprints behind him. He repeated his instructions from Waldo as he walked through the woods. When he came to the top of a hill he paused to rest. Suddenly, he heard a noise behind him.

He turned around and saw a hungry weasel following his footprints. The weasel saw Max and charged.



the fundamentals of skiing. Max just couldn't do it. His bunny feet were too big. He kept falling into the snow. "I give up!" said Max. "You practice your skiing. I'll go into Animalville to buy groceries. I'll see you when I come home," said Max. Waldo agreed.

"Keep thinking over the skiing fundamentals as you walk to town," suggested Waldo. "Maybe you'll remember them and be able to ski when you come back." Max nodded. He started for Animalville.

It was a long, hard walk through the deep snow. Max was very cold. He wanted to go home but he couldn't. He had to buy groceries. It wasn't going to

Max couldn't escape this weasel unless he left the heavy groceries behind. If he dropped the bags, he and Waldo might starve. He got an idea! He was certain he remembered all of Waldo's skiing-instructions. He took out his magic wand. He tapped it on his bunny feet. Presto-Chango! They began to grow. Soon, his feet were as big as snow skis. He picked up the packages and slid down the hill. Max had no trouble standing on his skis because they were his own two feet. He coasted away from the hungry weasel. Max was too fast. The weasel gave up the chase.

Waldo was inside the house when Max got back. Max returned his feet to normal. He carried the groceries inside the house. Waldo was near the fireplace. He had a blanket around him, his feet in a pail of hot water and a thermometer was in his mouth. "You're right, Waldo. Skiing is fun. So is snow. Everything is fine now. I love snow!" shouted Max.

"I hate skiing and I hate snow," said Waldo. "Ah-Cheo! I caught a terrible cold!"



The
FALL
STONIES
MC PEBBLES

Hanna-Barbera
Production

The Junk Jewelry

FRED, WILL YOU STOP WASTING QUARTERS ON THAT STUPID GADGET? & EVERYTHING IN THERE IS WORTHLESS!

OH, YEAH? THERE'S SOME TERRIFIC JUNK IN THERE!



GET MY NECKLACE!
IT'S WORTH THOUSANDS!

STOP,
THIEF!



YEAH CAN'T GET AWAY, RUFFLES!









CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES



The
FLINTSTONES
and PERLIES

Hanna-Barbera
Production

**SKINNY
Flintstone!**

THAT'S MY BRONTO
BONE! I SAVED IT
FROM...UNGH...DINNER!

DINO!
FRED!
YOU SHOULD BE
ASHAMED!

WILMA SAVED IT FOR
ME! FRED IS EATING
EVERYTHING IN THE
HOUSE LATELY!

POW

SPLAT

BAM

D-6698

J. GILL

NOBODY IS
GONNA GET THAT
BRONTO BONE!

IF HE WANTS
THE BONE...

FRED MUST BE
HUNGRIER THAN
I THOUGHT!

DINO

...HE CAN HAVE IT!

1

